

## **Tung Twista**

### **"My Closest Roaddogz"**

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Me and my closest road dogz  
To my dog named Musolini, Big Syke, Thug Life baby  
The return of the mashers, you know how we do it  
Hahaha!

[2Pac]  
Shit half the times we flaunt cause trouble  
My closest road dog it was cool cause I love you  
Fuck what they talkin bout  
Let me take you back in time, rewind to eighty-nine  
Introduced me to this life of crime, but we was blind  
Little nappy-haired juveniles, livin wild  
No smiles on our faces, thirteen catchin cases  
Indeed, it was misery  
Driven by my own demons, cause they was killin me  
How can I be sure I'll be saved soon?  
Catch me dip into the light, of a stray moon  
It's gettin deeper now, let me get yo' mind right  
Fuck yo' enemies, nigga grip yo' nine tight, tonight's  
the night  
Murder murder Mr. Lucifer  
Pictures of the devil DUCK when he shoot at cha, it's all  
political  
Runnin from the future, escapin in the fog  
Live yo' life like a hog nigga, me and my closest road  
dogz

[Chorus: sung]  
Every ghetto street got a crosswalk  
Let me get to the other side with my road dogz  
All roam in the scary place called home  
Take a second victim and if they all gone, my closest  
road dogz  
Every ghetto street got a stop sign  
Can I trust in you my road dogz on mine?  
Even when I'm goin through hard times  
I still got my closest road dogz lookin out for all mine

[2Pac]  
Haha.. bring artillery and ROLL with a nigga  
They could never take the soul of a M.O.B. soldier

nigga  
Cowards get rolled up, mob on 'em Makaveli  
Boy youse a boss player, that's what all the bitches tell  
me  
Even if I died now  
I live my life eternally and never lie down, why cry now?  
Fooled a few but never 'came a gamer, ain't tryin to  
hear it  
Evil spirits hide at total strangers, yo' life's in danger  
Prepare nigga be aware, cause we ain't scared  
M.O.B., 'til I die, when we ride niggaz disappear  
Fill 'em up with pistol smoke  
Never forget to blow a hole in his head  
For leakin information to the feds  
The burnin bed was the tellin sign  
Two hired guns bustin everyone, yellin everybody die  
Why the fuck they fuck around, we left 'em in the fog  
Bleedin like a stuck hog, me and my closest road dogz

[Chorus]

[2Pac]

Fuck they feelings, that's what they get for squealin  
That's the pressures of a gangsta, dangerous this drug  
dealin  
See me in physical form, my niggaz swarm  
Take the figure of a circle beatin jealous niggaz 'til they  
purple  
Simon Says take they heads homies  
And send them phony motherfuckers to dwell with all  
they dead homies  
Fishin for fake niggaz, observe and shake niggaz  
The only way to see six figures, is break niggaz  
Me and Musolini set to ride we high  
Big Bogart got the alibi if homicide ask us way  
Labelled a Capo in the mob as big as the globe  
To live and die as a millionaire, on ..  
Set to explode, my M.O., is kill them hoes  
My pistol's like a disease, my enemies and foes  
Get murdered and disposed of, we in the fog  
Makaveli the Don, and my closest road dogz

[Chorus - 2X]

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